

A Husband that Hadn't a Fault to His Back.

After having been married some weeks, it came in the head of a young husband in this city, one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was at the head of the house it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you a good deal neglected the tinware. You didn't keep it soiled as bright as it should be. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you will see no speck on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have often observed," said the husband, "that you use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and then finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before the young wife promised to amend this fault. The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more that was a fault in her. "Now," said he, "my dear, you begin and tell me all the faults you have observed in me since we have been married."

The young housewife sat in silence; her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have observed in me, sparing none!"

Arising suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both her arms around her husband's neck, she cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have even one, my eyes have been so blinded by love for you that as long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think; I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes; and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform, and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know sometimes I go away and leave you without any word cut; I stay up town when I ought to be at home; I spend my money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No you don't," cried his wife; "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do!"

"God bless you, little wife!" cried the now thoroughly subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world; indeed you never had a fault; I was but joking—don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tinware nor examine the dish-rags—never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighbour women were wont to say:

"Is wonderful how neat Mrs. — keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is always as bright as a new dollar; and I de-

ious her dish-rags!" And the neighbour men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow Mr. — has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home an hour when not at work. He seems always to worship that wife of his."

The Troubles of a Somnambulist.

Mortimer J. Loomis, says Max Adler, is now one of the most violent of the denunciators of railroad monopolies. Since his last adventure on the cars he hates a railroad worse than an Arrapahoe Indian hates a bald-headed Shaker. Loomis has fits of somnambulism occasionally, and at such times he has an uncontrollable tendency to wander into dangerous places. More than once he has been surprised, on waking, to find himself roosting on the comb of the roof, or hanging head foremost down the well, with one leg around the bucket handle. He went out to Pittsburgh, a few days ago, and when he entered the sleeping car the thought struck him that he might get to prowling about in the night while asleep, and walk off the platform into the better world. So he went to the brakeman and gave him a dollar, with strict instructions that if he saw him walking around that car in his sleep to seize him and force him back at all hazards. Then Loomis turned in. About 2 o'clock Loomis awoke, and as the air in the car seemed stifling, he determined to go out on the platform for a fresh breath of air. Just as he got to the door that vigilant brakeman saw him, floored him and held him down. When Loomis recovered his breath he indignantly exclaimed: "You immortal ass! What d'you mean? Lemme get up, I tell you; I'm as wide awake as you are." But that myrmidon of a grasping corporation put another knee on Loomis' breast, and insisted that Loomis was asleep; and then he called another brakeman, and after a terrific struggle, during which Loomis received bumps and blows enough to wake an Egyptian mummy that had been dead for six thousand years, the railroad man jammed him into a berth, put a trunk and eight carpet-bags on him, and then sat on him to hold him down till morning. The first thing Mr. Loomis asked for when he arrived in Pittsburgh was a respectable hospital, where they cured the temporarily insane. He thinks his reason was partially dethroned by his effort to comprehend how that brakeman could have the face to ask him for another dollar because of the trouble Loomis gave him during the night.

There is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible, and these productions are sent to the shops in all lands. Here the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling hue is constantly going on. The sand thus employed and upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau; it appears to possess some peculiar qualities of adaptation to this purpose. The coloring matter for imitation emeralds, rubies, and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection. Hundreds of operatives are employed in polishing the colored stones and in making the false pearls with fish scales and wax. The scales of the French and Dutch are chiefly employed for this purpose; they have to be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl will not be imitated. These Paris pearls have been of late years so perfect that the Roman pearl has to a great extent been superseded. The setting is always of real gold and the fashion of the newest kind.

Popping the Question.
The celebrated preacher Whitefield proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner—as though Whitefield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents without consulting the maiden, in which he said that they need not at all be afraid of offending him by a refusal, as he thanked God he was quite free from the passion called love. Of course, this lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her.

A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grim manner. He took his west-most into the graveyard, and, showing her a dark corner, said, "You like to lie there, Mary?" Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations by uniting herself to him in wedlock.

Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart: "Dear Mrs. Scurlock, (there were no misses in those days,) I am tired of calling you by that name, therefore name the day when you will take that of madam, your devoted, humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day, accordingly, and Steele her name instead of her heart to her heart to the snifter.

A Scotch maiden, upon her lover remarking, "I think I'll marry you Jane," replied, "Man Jock, I would be much obliged to ye if ye would."

After waiting for three years a Michigan lover finally popped the question, and the girl answered: "Of course I'll have you! Why, you fool you, we could have been married three years ago!"

Jambies.
A lady acquaintance of ours has just received a "musical note," and she is now waiting for some one to indorse it. She also desires a lock that can be opened with the "key of G."

When one of our citizens goes to the baker's shop to buy a bar of soap, he don't particularly care about going home with it, "for just as sure as the Lord made little apples," said one of our citizens to the other day, "you may bet (hie) that your wife (hie) will get into one of her (hie) tantrums, and when she does (hie) the devil's to pay (hie), you know."

When spring comes, the store-keeper comes to the door so as to be ready to jerk customers in and then he stands over them with a revolver until they buy something, if it is only a box of collars.

"Is your mistress in?"
"No, she's gone out."
"Is your master to home?"
"No, he's gone out."
"Have you any fire?"
"No, it's gone out, too."

A subscriber advertises for a frying pan to cook raw-weather in. The same individual, not long ago, offered to ride "his hobby" against the "clothes horse" for a verbatim report of the Beecher and Tilton trial.

Since Bessie Turner made known her determination of never marrying a literary man, the journalistic profession has gone into disrepute.

Perton, in his biographical life of Greely, says that one of the Tribune boys folded 60 papers in one minute—each paper requiring eight folds. What a whopper! If any one else except Perton had said it, we should call it a lie—as it is, it is only a whopper.

Good bye, my friend; may your last moments be sweet as honey; may you leave this world of care and trouble with a smile on your placid features; may the worm never find your last hiding place, nor the grave-rover find your abode of rest; may you never graze a doctor's dissecting table; may your widow never come to weep over your grave with some other man, who has an eye on your life insurance, and, finally, when you shall be summoned to give a final account of yourself, may your final profits show up clean and your balance stand out as prominent as a black-eye, or a new married couple at a steamboat table.

Almanacs sell for 10 cents in Nevada. It intimates that drug shops are scarce there.

Jersey has got its back up, and tyrants may now tremble.

There is a young lady up our way who has such a sweet voice, that when she sings, all the bumble bees in the neighborhood assemble around it to gather honey.

"What is hit in history?" asks one of our exchanges. Why, fools of course! and our Pre-Adamite contemporary on the other side of the river will be apt to get hit when the future historian writes up the present age. It also asks "what is missed in mystery?" We are inclined to think, that common sense and daylight are the most omitted.

Miss Vinie Remm is credited with having captivated the heart of a Cherokee brave who represents his nation at Washington. Let us hope that he will also capture her and take her to his lodge in some vast wilderness, where she can atone for her marbled outrage on Lincoln's memory, by tanning deer skins.

A New York State woman who owns five acres of peppermint meadow. An envious woman certainly. She has but to marry a man with a barrel of whisky and a hoghead of sugar to have a mintjulep fifteen or twenty times

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